EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

OUR STRANGLING HIGHWAYS: DAVID CORT

THE Nation

APRIL 28, 1956
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The Purge of Stalin's Ghost

by Mark Gayn

Is Your Brand "Pure White"?

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A Touch of Depression in Automobile Row

Detroit

ON THE tenth anniversary of the signing by President Truman of the Full Employment Act, approximately 100,000 auto workers are without jobs because of industry cutbacks or shut-downs. And because the auto industry is the pump primer for all business here, an additional 55,000 workers have been laid off in industries which supply the car assembly lines—auto hardware and stamping, electrical equipment, rubber and others. Beyond this is the effect the layoffs have had on retail trade. The entertainment industry, grocers, saloons and clothiers have suffered losses in receipts ranging up to 50 per cent. Department stores cut down their Christmas payrolls instead of adding to them. The Department of Street Railways went far into the red and has reduced services.

Some of the business decline must be attributed to the local newspaper strike which closed up this city's three big dailies just about the time the first auto layoffs began. Merchants estimate that the strike cost them about $36,000,000 in gross sales. Yet the business decline extended to small business, which has no advertising budget and which therefore was relatively unaffected by the newspaper shut-down. On Detroit's East Side, where most of the auto plants are located, the loss of Christmas business in the neighborhood shops was devastating and the outlook is still glum. A saloon-keeper near the Packard plant said, "Unless things pick up, I'll have to go out of business." The manager of a finance company in the same area is having a long pull to collect on accounts: "People are letting their payments slide and it's going to take some time for them to catch up." A supermarket manager quipped that he was tired of selling "one pork-chop and an aspirin." Another merchant looked at a floor full of shiny appliances. "One or two sales a week," he said, "means the difference between profit and loss to me." He pointed out that most of his business was in installment buying, and that many of his customers were "already up to their necks" in debt.

THE story is an old one, of course. It crops up with every seasonal layoff: the collection of unemployment insurance, supplemented by cashed bonds and the expenditure of savings to keep families housed and reasonably fed; "scrounging" for part-time jobs, wondering where the next "buck" is coming from; doubling up with relatives; wives leaving—something that hasn't been happening here for many years.

Layoffs mean not only that surpluses are soon wiped out but that many months of future earnings must be mortgaged to keep going. They also have important political significance. Politicians recall 1954. By September of that election year there were 190,000 unemployed in the Detroit area. Tens of thousands were recalled after Election Day, but by that time it was too late for the Republicans. The Democrats and their allies, the union chiefs, had pounded on the unemployment issue from one end of the state to the other—and Michigan went Democratic.

This year, again, election results in Michigan will depend largely on auto sales. Already state Democratic leaders are criticizing the manner in which the Full Employment Act—recently characterized by Truman as one of the most important pieces of domestic legislation enacted while he was President—has been administered by the Republicans. Before sailing for India, Walter Reuther charged that unemployment in Detroit was more than just "seasonal" and stated that the unions were going to come up with plans for getting the men back to work unless the situation was alleviated within the next month or two.

The Republicans look to the calendar for help. Autos begin to move out of salesrooms and onto the highways with the coming of spring. "We have every reason to expect an upsurge," says William J. Bird, vice-president in charge of sales for Plymouth. "We expect to reach a balance between stocks and consumer demands in the near future and production can then be increased. I predict an excellent year for Plymouth and the auto industry generally." The Michigan Employment Security Commission forecasts an early drop in unemployment.

For the jobless among the auto workers, there is also compensation in the thought that hereafter the seasonal layoffs will no longer hit them so hard. The next time there is a cut-back or shut-down, workers will receive supplemental unemployment benefits provided in the "guaranteed annual wage" plan agreed to by the auto companies during last summer's negotiations with the United Auto Workers. By helping the worker, the G. A. W. will also help all those who depend upon him for their livelihood.

MARIAN TRAINOR

[*Marian Trainor is a Detroit journalist.*]

TWO PROFILES

Senator Wayne Morse

by Robert Riggs

Alistaire Cooke

by Edgar Kemler

Watch for them in coming issues of *The Nation*.

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

What's Needed Is Peace

Tension in the Middle East has diminished, thanks to Dag Hammerskjold's mission and last week's conciliatory statement by the Russians. Yet it would be a mistake to think that any of the basic issues have been resolved. Hammerskjold has *pro tem* averted war; he has not made peace. Egypt still asserts its belligerent rights; the Suez Canal remains closed to Israel shipping; the fate of the Arab refugees has not been settled; the preponderance of modern arms is shifting to Cairo; the borders remain provocations rather than barriers to military adventure; the Great Power play for oil continues. The Middle East desert, productive of so many miracles, has yet to produce the miracle of peace.

Nor has Molotov's pledge, last week, to work through the U. N. to "lessen tensions" changed anything radically. The casting of a veto is also "working through the U. N."; and it must not be forgotten that only the Security Council, where the big powers have the veto, can invoke sanctions against aggression. The U. N. is a marketplace where nations bargain in behalf of their national interests; as such, it fulfills an invaluable function. But no member ever gave anything to the U. N. without demanding, directly or indirectly, something in return.

What *quid pro quo* is the Kremlin likely to ask in return for supporting a permanent Middle East settlement? One clear signal is given in the Molotov statement itself: the concern with "military alliances" in the service of "imperialism." Said the New York *Times*, reporting an exchange between Molotov and newsmen:

> When Mr. Molotov was asked whether the Soviet appeal for measures to lessen tension countenanced also an agreement to block arms deliveries to either the Arabs or the Israelis, Mr. Mikoyan (First Deputy Prime Minister) said: "And what about blocking shipment of arms to countries of the Baghdad Pact, what about control of arms to countries in the North Atlantic alliance?"

If this remarkably frank statement strips the pretense from Russia's "peace-loving" role as the supplier of Egyptian arms, it does no less for the role of the West. Are Western arms for Arabs the way to peace any more than Eastern? The bullets are British which the Jordan Legion has been shooting across the border. The tanks churning up the Saudi Arabian dust are American. The Iraqui army is Western armed and Western trained. Indeed, the reason Egypt's airmen are today learning to fly MIGs instead of Sabrejets has nothing to do with American high principles. The record has been substantiated: we offered arms to the Egyptians before the Russians did; we made no sale simply because we wanted cash on the barrel head rather than credit.

Imbalance of Terror

The picture slides into focus. What is needed in the long run is not an armament race, but a disarmament one. The U. N. disarmament subcommittee, now meeting in London, is closer to the heart of the Middle East matter than Cairo or Jerusalem, Amman or Baghdad. Mr. Hammerskjold could not have won his battle for a cease-fire at a more appropriate moment. The Americans are meeting the Russians across the table of the disarmament subcommittee sessions; Bulganin and Khrushchev are also in London; the world is sick of Gaza and the upstart pretensions of "strong men" who subvert legitimate nationalist revolutions to their own purposes. Out of a disarmament agreement could come the kind of four-power pressure which alone could force the Arabs to sit down with the Israelis and conclude a peace which both sides need and the world demands.

This is the program to which Washington and the West should bend all their energies. It must not be forgotten that the world cannot forever exist on the balance of terror which an arms race entails. But even worse is an imbalance of terror. With each day that passes, the Egyptians become more proficient with their MIGs and Czech arms. A legitimate balancing of weapons—not on a quantitative but on a qualitative basis—is the best reassurance that the cease-fire will stay in existence long enough to be turned into a lasting peace.

Very Vital Statistics

In the year 1955, 413 miners lost their lives in American coal mines and 19,710 were injured. *The Nation* has been quoting these frightful statistics for so many years that, if the issue were not so serious, we would want to apologise to our readers. But we offer no apologies for once again reminding them that this awful slaughter continues, year after year, with little diminution. In the fifty years prior to 1952, 93,000 coal miners lost their lives in mine accidents of one kind or another (*The Nation*, February 9, 1952). In January, 1956, fifty-seven miners were killed. How much longer must this senseless slaughter continue before something is done about it?

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PURGE OF STALIN'S GHOST

Inquiry Into an Inquest . . *by Mark Gayn*

ON DECEMBER 21, 1955, *Pravda* appeared with a three-column photograph of Joseph Stalin on its front page. The day was the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birthday, and, as has been its custom for years, the party newspaper marked the occasion with expressions of unalloyed devotion. Two editorials hailed "the faithful pupil and continuer of the work of Lenin." They praised his "masterly exposition of Leninism," they lauded "the new postulates of Marxist theory" he had formulated and they extolled his tireless struggle for "the Leninist unity of the party" and against "various distortions of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine."

That day, the faithful, the obedient and the wary could see for themselves that all was as it had been for thirty years, and that the downgrading of Stalin begun right after his death had not yet reached the point where his birthday anniversary could be ignored or the required praise omitted.

Yet, only two months later, one speaker after another rose before the Twentieth Congress and, with violence and biting irony, denounced the dead leader as a vain and half-mad despot, a murderer, an anti-intellectual and a despoiler of Leninism-Marxism. At the congress and later, Stalin was accused of guiding Soviet foreign policy into a dangerous blind alley, of ignoring agriculture, of making stupendous wartime blunders, of distorting history, of practicing a bloody form of anti-Semitism and of being a "Great Russian chauvinist."

THE charges testified to the fear, hatred or contempt that some of Stalin's heirs and followers have long had for him. But why was it that on December 21, 1955, they did not know that only sixty days later they would be knocking Stalin off his pedestal? And what had happened between December and February that made them risk this immense shock to the Communist movement and dogma the world over?

The answer, I believe, must be sought in January, 1956, when the regional party units met for their pre-congress discussions and members of the Central Committee began to flock to Moscow from the provinces. Put together, the reports of the regional conferences and the first-hand testimony of the hundred-odd local party bosses provided the top leadership in Moscow with an overall view of the way the party, government and economy were functioning three years after Stalin's death. The effect, judging by the published record, was staggering. And if some of the men were already toying with the idea of purging the ghost of Stalin, the discovery of how things were going must have hastened their action.

WHY ARE they doing it to Stalin?

Neither the guesses made in the West nor the fearsome tales now being told all over the Red world by thousands upon thousands of agitators come even close to the real truth. Just as surely as this historic move was not a retreat before Mr. Foster Dulles' dynamic policy, so was it not a payment on old grudges, or a punishment for Stalin's many sins, real or fancied. The risk of a shock to the entire Communist movement was so great that Moscow could chance it only for the most profound of reasons. Neither Stalin's murder of 5,000 Red Army officers eighteen years ago, nor his refusal to heed warnings of Hitler's attack, nor his maltreatment of the present rulers in Moscow could possibly qualify as a profound reason.

The real explanation lies buried in the half a million words uttered at the congress held in Moscow in late February. In a nutshell, this explanation is that if Stalin had helped to make the Soviet Union great, he had also—in his death as in his life—been a "powerful brake" on its maximal progress. Sometime last January, the Soviet leaders must have discovered in dismay that their effort to deflate Stalin gradually was yielding no result, and that stagnation was overcoming the Soviet economy, government, party machinery, science, philosophy and the arts.

HOW THIS stagnation had come about formed the most dramatic story of a congress that was filled with drama. When Stalin took over the party in 1927, the Soviet Union was primarily a country of ill-taught and impoverished *mujiks*. He set out to industrialize the nation, at whatever the cost to the individual, to Marxist dogma, or to the international Communist movement. Back around 1932 or 1933, Stalin also introduced the now famous *kult lichnosti* (cult of the individual), reorganized all Communist parties so that they would operate with blind obedience, centralized the Soviet government and party to an unbelievable degree and made the purges a standard device for punishing dissent or whipping up some enthusiasm.

But, as party theoreticians now pointed out, Stalin did not understand that the Soviet Union, the world without, and even he himself, were changing. The process of forced industrialization which he had instituted was radically altering the shape of Soviet society. By 1939—and especially by 1950—the Soviet Union was no longer a nation of *mujiks*. Twenty or thirty million of them had by now become industrial workers. For those who remained on the land, mechanization and electricity had become a part of the daily life. There has also appeared a highly trained, literate and sophisticated *intelligentsia*. The new Soviet society could not be treated as was the

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society of 1926. In 1952, the last year of Stalin's life, close to 12 per cent of the party had had a taste of higher education and another 20 per cent or so had high-school education. Yet, as a matter of survival, these literate people were required to engage in humiliating and childish idolatry as strictly formalized as Shamanism. Artem I. Mikoyan, "father of the MIG," is one of the world's most brilliant jet-plane designers. Yet, after a visit with Stalin, he, too, was required to say, "I found Joseph Vissarionovich a genius in this field. In our talk, he was able to help me out with some problems that bothered me."

Living in the isolation of the Kremlin, Stalin hatched his theories, such as that expressed in *The Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR*. Stalin's argument that the industrial output in the West was bound to decline could be disproved by any competent economist. But no one dared to disprove, and the philosophy that underlay this 106-page booklet also underlay Soviet relations with the West. Nor, in fact, was anyone equipped to disprove anything. Anastas Mikoyan, who as foreign-trade chief had known the truth all along, was especially bitter on this point at the party congress: "We often confine ourselves, for purposes of agitation, to plucking isolated facts about the symptoms of the approaching [capitalistic] crisis, of the impoverishment of the toilers, but we do not make a complete and profound evaluation of the developments taking place in the life of the foreign countries. Our economists, in studying the economy of the Soviet Union and the people's democracies, often skim the surface without probing the depths. . . . And, really, who among us can make a serious study of these questions? Before the war we had an Institute of World Economy and Politics. It was liquidated!" The party congress was also told that if the United States had fifteen or more establishments studying the Soviet Union, no such study of the United States was allowed in the Soviet Union.

THE same kind of paralysis was produced by Stalin in every other field of study, from pure science down. In some areas, such as economics or philology, Stalin personally set the line; in others, it was

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Yesterday's Red God

defined by such of his favorites as Lysenko. But the net result was a generation of timid scholars, of scientists who deliberately picked "non-sensitive" subjects to study. "Most of our theoreticians," said Mikoyan, "are busy repeating . . . old quotations, formulae and postulates. But what kind of science can there be without creativeness?" And Professor A. M. Pankratova, whose attack on Stalin was among the most significant at the congress, cried, "Scientific problems cannot be solved by orders or by taking votes. The party teaches us that science develops through a free interchange of opinion. . . ."

STALIN'S psychoses became imbedded in Soviet *mores*. He was spy-happy, and this made precise facts unavailable not only to foreign agents, but to Soviet scholars as well. Soviet economists and sociologists who were aware of the immense changes taking place in their country could get no data to support their assumptions, for—as Mikoyan put it—all data were "kept behind seven locks in the Central Statistical Directorate of Comrade Starovsky." And though Soviet interests in Asia were vital, Stalin had shut down the 139-year-old Moscow Institute of Eastern Studies. The Academy of Sciences kept its Eastern Institute, but, the congress was told, "if the entire East has now been awakened, the institute is dreaming to this day." Worse than that: where any study was in progress, it followed the crooked channels prescribed by Stalin. One of the interesting minor themes at the congress was the attack on Stalin as a "chauvinist." Specifically, an end was urged to the glorification of the Czarist policy in China. Had Peking, perchance, asked for it?

But the Stalinist stagnation was not confined to the social and exact sciences. The Soviet Union is an enormous land mass with a fabulously growing industry and inadequate means of communication. Yet, as Stalin aged, he kept tightening his grip on the economic and political life of the nation. Since no major decisions could be made on the spot, the immense new plants in the Urals or Kazakhstan had to wait interminably to get Moscow's permission to rationalize production, or buy, or sell. Moscow became an encampment of managers, come from remote factories or collective farms to spend weeks and months in the waiting rooms of various ministers to win approval of this or that project. Stalin and Moscow had thus become a tight bottleneck.

WORST of all, from the Soviet point of view, was the decay of the party *apparat*. The party became an army of millions of bureaucrats, trained in no other arts than party work. The result was that ignorant amateurs, holding great political powers, tried to run the world's second largest economy without understanding much about it. It was this theme that dominated the regional party meetings last January—"The party bosses don't know what it's all about. They're holding up our work." Yekaterina Furtseva, the Moscow party secretary (and a chemical engineer) informed the congress that henceforth all Communists under her would cease studying Stalin's biography and his *History of the VKP (b)* and would instead devote themselves to the study of economics and industrial skills.

Mikhail Suslov told the congress: "Many rank-and-file Communists, too, realize the abnormality of the situation. Comrade Ignatov [a Stalingrad farm worker] put it very well: 'For the thirteenth time now I have been attending a party history group. For the thirteenth time the tutors are telling us about the [anti-Com-

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Figaro (Paris)

"Don't Go in Now, They're Fighting"

munist] *Bund*. But have we nothing more important to do than criticize the *Bund*? . . . . We have to know about the present and the future, but our tutors are so bogged down in the . . . *Bund* business that they simply cannot get out of it!' "

THE debunking of Stalin thus becomes a historic "getting-out-of-it" operation. Stalin's heirs may have hoped to change the Stalinist methods and patterns of thinking gradually. Sometime between last Christmas and February they realized that Stalinism could no longer be uprooted by gentle tugging. If Comrade Starovsky kept all statistics behind seven locks under Stalin, the seven locks were still on in 1956. If scientists were timid under Stalin, most of them remained timid three years after his death. The ignorant party bureaucrats still tried to run a great economy with rah-rah speeches, Moscow was still jampacked with managers come to seek trivial decisions, minor Soviet republics were still denied authority, and Soviet youngsters still devoted themselves to the study of Stalin's genius as depicted in two books he himself had helped to write. The vast industrial plant that Stalin had helped to create belonged to the twentieth century; the superstructure on it—the myths, the methods, the ritual of faith—belonged to the age of Ivan the Terrible. The only way to remove the superstructure, the Soviet rulers now discovered, was to dynamite it. The risks were great. But what was at stake was the continued progress of the Soviet Union itself.

As expected, the explosion in Moscow rocked the Communist parties abroad. Obviously, they had not been forewarned, and—with but one exception—they all showed dismay, confusion and at times dissension. Some parties, such as those of Hungary, Bulgaria and Poland, initiated changes similar to those in Moscow. Communists in Britain and the United States seemed to be stunned even more than they were after the Soviet-Nazi pact. The French party was tardy in following Moscow's new line; the Italians and the East Germans, if anything, outdid the Russians.

The sole exception was China. There, the campaign against Stalin was deliberately underplayed. In fact, it was given one tenth of the attention, if that much, that the party devoted a year or so ago to a campaign against a relatively obscure Chinese writer. Yet, the Chinese leaders obviously understood the significance of the anti-Stalinist drive better than any other non-Soviet party. An editorial in the official party organ in Peking, which carried an imprint of Mao Tse-tung's hand and was re-published in *Pravda*, was the best analysis of the campaign that I have read in any Communist publication. It sympathized with Moscow; it explained why Stalin deserved to be purged; but it also made it plain that the Chinese Communists could view the affair with some detachment.

YET, however great the dismay among the Communists abroad, the big impact is probably yet to come. Stalin employed terror as a major device to ensure hard work, loyalty and obedience, in the Soviet Union as in the smaller Communist states. If this device is used less extensively, will there be a loosening of the bonds between the Soviet Union and the Red edge of Europe? Will men who worked hard in fear continue to work hard in response to pleas? Will the non-Soviet Communists dabble with deviations? What will be the pull of "Titoism" on the neighboring "People's Democracies"? And, in case of trouble, would Moscow turn back to the tested Stalinist method of the purge, the arrest and the confession at a public trial?

There are just two more facts that should be noted. One is that the new revolution in Moscow changes only the method and not the doctrine—and even some of the methods remain unaltered. Accent on heavy industry is still the prime article of faith. Police excesses may have been curbed, but just the other day *Pravda* spoke in its old, stern, Stalinist tones in attacking the "rotten elements" who were "echoing the lying inventions of capitalist propaganda." And if Stalin is being debunked, a vast, and a familiar, drive is now in progress to build up the myth of Lenin. In the past few weeks, the party has extolled Lenin as a military genius, the real father of Soviet industrialization and the author of the only correct policy towards the national minorities. Only last Saturday a sixty-foot statue of Lenin was unveiled in Tiflis, capital of Stalin's native Georgia.

The other notable fact is the display of extreme caution in Moscow's campaign against Stalin. Days pass without a single mention of the subject. And more often than not, *Pravda* borrows its dynamite from Communist publications abroad, from Warsaw to Peking. This is probably the first time in three decades or more that Moscow has allowed foreign Communists to fight its own domestic battles.

If anything is clear now, it is that the campaign in the Soviet Union will be carried out slowly and cautiously. It may also be spread over years, with the credit for most Soviet achievements gradually shifted from Stalin's to other shoulders, dead or living. Plainly, also, the basic features of Soviet life, work and political philosophy will remain unchanged. What will change is some of the methods of government, party work, economic management, scientific research, education—and relations with the West and the Communist parties abroad (as this is written, the announcement comes from Moscow that the Cominform has been dissolved). All this can only win friends for the Soviet Union and strengthen it. But the eventual outcome of the purge of Stalin's ghost (and of all the changes that go along with it) may be as incalculable as was Stalin's own seizure of power some thirty years ago.

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OUR STRANGLING HIGHWAYS

The Vicious (Traffic) Circle . . *by David Cort*

TO SOME people the United States is not seen as people, but as a gigantic skeleton of hard-surface roads crawling with motor vehicles. Seen in this way, the mammoth web of concrete is a monstrosity. But the monstrosity is necessary, say the big thinkers, because seventy million American car-owners are daily impelled to drive an average of twenty-five miles—a statistical total of 1,700,000,000 miles per day. Even if half or three-quarters of this traffic were utterly unnecessary and unprofitable to everybody, they say, it must be maintained and encouraged. The reason? American prosperity depends on perpetual boom in the automobile industry and the production and sale of eight million new cars every year.

It may be time these articles of faith were more closely examined. The crisis of a fatal illness attacking the country is adequately, though unintentionally, described in a new publicity book issued by Henry Ford II, *Freedom of the American Road*, plus the current news about toll roads. Mr. Ford's foreword justifies the fine title in a sentence that will be returned to later: "We Americans have always liked . . . freedom to come and go as we please in this big country of ours." However, the freedom he is discussing is only the "freedom" under license to drive a motor vehicle on a roadbed never paid for by the automobile industry. A licensed right is never an absolute, sovereign right. The use of the word "freedom" in this context is a play on words, perhaps a dangerous joke.

The book makes clear that America's present road-building boom began hardly ten (nearer five) years ago. In that interval little bands of patriots arose in such localities as California, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Oregon, Washington, Maine, Boston, Portland (Oregon), San Francisco, Detroit, Albuquerque, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Dallas and Atlanta. Their communities were being strangled to death by traffic. Like modern Herculeses, they saved their world by epic labors and legislations. Henry Ford's writers raise them to the highest echelon of peace-time American heroes. One can hardly criticize anything they did; besides, now it is done.

Thus the total United States road picture is now as follows:

Roads	Miles
National Interstate	40,000
Federal-Aid Primary	195,000
Federal-Aid Secondary	483,000
Rural Feeder Roads	3,012,520
City Streets	353,670
TOTAL	4,084,190

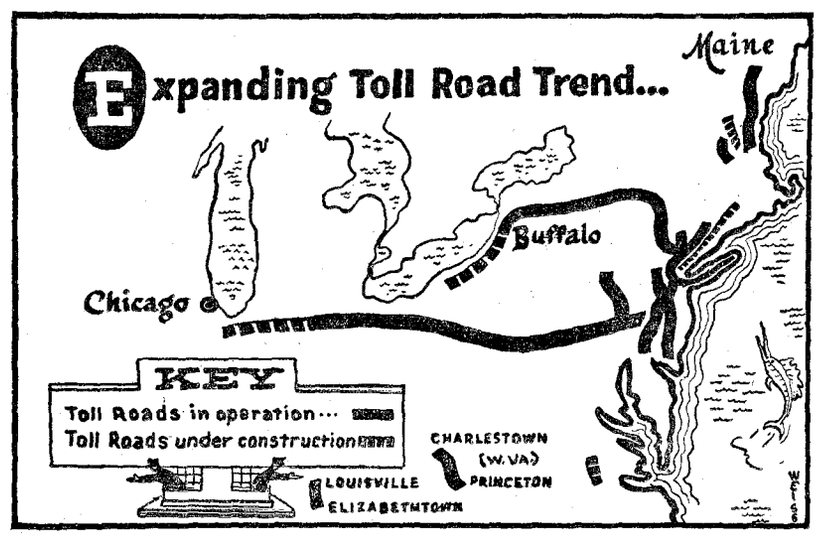
Elsewhere in the Ford book another total, 3,366,000 miles, is given without a breakdown. For the present, I accept the larger total. The city streets are described as carrying half of all "traffic"—an undefined word, but one conveying the general fact that the cities are the crux of traffic.

Some of the expressways are over 400 feet wide. The New York Thruway is generally 200 feet wide; rural hard-surface roads run between thirty and fifty feet wide from margin to margin, including shoulders, ditches and verges. If the average works out at only fifty feet, the total acreage taken over by United States roads is 40,000 square miles—a good deal more than the area of the five New England states excluding Maine.

I do not resent this loss. For the sake of communication among all the forty-eight states, we can afford to liquidate five or six. The fact is given only to put a going value on this communication and pose the question of how much more calcified skeleton, how much more monstrosity, we can reasonably afford.

The Ford book for all its enthusiasm gives the unexpected effect of tracing a dreadful disease over the body of America. Pullulating bumper to bumper, unassimilable organisms were about to kill the victim; then the doctors stepped in and accelerated the flow. No wonder the treatments invariably conclude on an ominous diagnosis.

For California, the 1954-55 highway budget was the highest in the nation and yet " 'All we can honestly say is that at the moment we are no longer losing ground.' . . . If anything has been learned, it's that it is almost impossible to overestimate



Toll Roads in the Northeast Region

DAVID CORT, former Time-Life *editor, is a frequent contributor to* The Nation.

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modern highway needs. Yesterday's wildest dreams now seem quaintly reactionary. After completion, the common criticism of a highway that seemed fantastically expensive is, 'Why didn't they make it big enough in the first place?' "

For North Carolina: " 'The people of no other state by vote of their representatives or their own vote have committed so large a part of the wealth of their earnings to their roads.' Today the people of North Carolina need still another road program—just because of their foresightedness. Their once-splendid primary roads were built too early. Many are becoming less and less adequate for today's traffic."

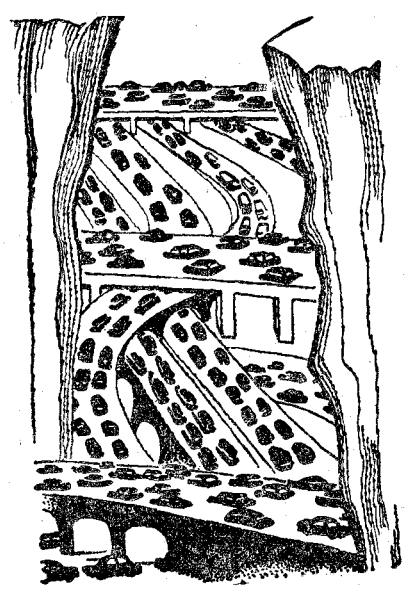
This ominous note is fully justified. It is doubtful whether a continuously multiplying traffic load could be handled by doubling our 40,000 square miles of roads. Eighty thousand square miles? 200,000? 500,000? The United States has only three million square miles, many of them unsuitable for highways. But the crux is the cities. Adequate roads there obviously demand the flattening of at least half the buildings in our metropolises. End of joke.

THE problem is not people. True, the cities are full of people, but a walking human being needs only three square feet of surface at any one moment and the safety margin is important only for women with raised umbrellas. A slow-moving automobile needs a space eight by fifty feet for safety, or 400 square feet. Hence, a city has a limit to the number of automobiles it can take. If all America's 75,000,000 motor vehicles were on the road at the same time, they would require over 5,000,000 miles of one-lane highway. The present roads could handle them if they would spread out evenly, moving slowly, over every existing road. But of course they don't, won't and can't. Most of them are always going to the same places—fast. Too many want to get into the same 400 square feet. Since each driver has been encouraged to believe that he is entitled to this "Freedom of the American Road," the organisms pile up monstrously at critical points. The classic California pile-up was at Bayshore's Boneyard Hill—seventy-four vehicles in one gigantic crash.

The old way of treating a bacterial infection was to slash at the pockets of pus. Men like Robert Moses of New York have grown famous for their bravura with this therapy. Their knives cut through the living tissue of our civilization and make way for artificial drains to carry off the strangling congestions. The destruction is epic; the drains are awe-inspiring; but there seems no end to the disease. Every day, every year, the great surgeon is called on for one more miracle of surgery.

And this sort of operation has really been quite easy to sell to government and people. The public need and willingness to pay are so obvious that toll roads have attracted the cupidity of private capital. Investors have liked the prospect of federal tax exemptions, sure earnings and good yields on the investment. The only connection the private toll-road Authorities have with government is usually that their boards are appointed by the governors. The bonds are specifically not state obligations.

The toll-road boom was opened with two bonanzas by the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Turnpikes. The former at least proved an inspired road in eliminating murderous mountain driving at one of the lowest toll charges in the country—an average of 4.2 cents a mile for trucks. The New Jersey pike battened on luxury traffic along the seaboard, earning in 1955 on its $430 million in bonds nearly twenty million in net operating revenue (before interest). Its bonds are rated A by Moody.



Indiana and Ohio leaped onto this bandwagon to such purpose that by the end of this year a driver in a hell of a hurry can go from New York City to the outskirts of Chicago in sixteen hours at a toll cost of $11 and a speed up to seventy miles an hour.

BUT something has gone wrong. The Ohio Turnpike in its first five months of operation is well behind the rate of earnings required on its bonded interest. The chairman is indignantly optimistic but money men appear not to believe him. The trouble is that the Ohio Turnpike, crossing flatlands at an average truck toll of 7.2 cents a mile, parallels free roads that the turnpike has marvellously freed of the more nervous sort of traffic. Truckers are not fools. They have moved over to the free roads.

The flat failure of the West Virginia toll road, "the pike to nowhere" (Charleston to Princeton, West Virginia—eighty-eight miles), has apparently killed plans for connecting toll roads across Virginia and North Carolina. Altogether last year $3,600,000,000 worth of toll-road projects were "postponed."

The principle that toll roads cannot possibly solve the highway problem has already been laid down by the United States Bureau of Public Roads. It notes that virtually all the profitable ones parallel and duplicate the free-road system of the national interstate network. Congress has seemed to agree by knocking out of a pending road-aid appropriation for thirty-seven billion dollars in the next fifteen years (the Fallon bill) a provision calling for 90 per cent credit to toll roads begun after 1955.

In my opinion the chief indictment of the great skeleton of expressways derives from a discovery that the overwhelming mass of tolls on a road are for short hauls. The man or truck in a hell of a hurry all the way from New York to Chicago is, in fact, not a prime factor.

Neither the cross-country expressway nor private enterprise is going to solve the problem. In fact some bondholders have begun to wonder whether they will escape with their lives. They find themselves on the edge of a death-struggle far too big for them—the Bureau of Public Roads is asking for $126 billion for roads

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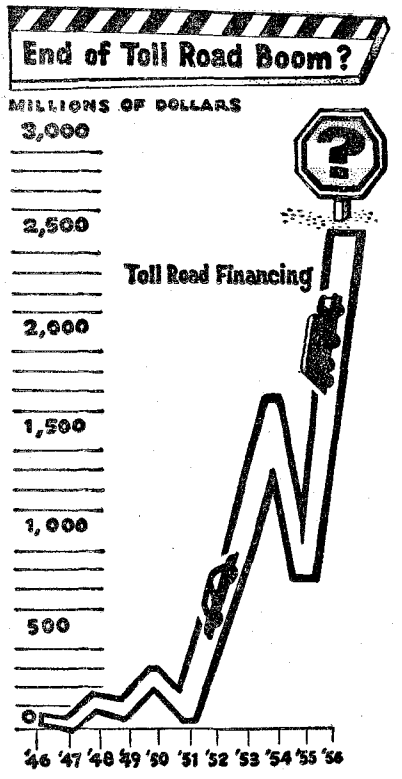
over the next ten years. When a nation is fighting for its life, it is not easy to make a quiet buck. *Business Week* of February 11, 1956, thinks even the modest Fallon bill "could mean the end of toll-road financing."

The Province of Ontario last month gave the subject a dose of the usual magnificent Canadian common sense. No private companies, says Ontario, will be given toll-road concessions. All toll roads must be part of the over-all system. When the road is paid for, toll charges will cease. Since the people ultimately pay for all roads, there is no such thing as a "free road."

"FREEDOM of the road" recalls "the right of departure" lost by the Russian people after the Mongol conquest. This right has never been questioned for Americans. But should an American pedestrian claim "the right of departure" from New York City and try to go cross-country afoot, he would find himself confronted by highways as by a net of Chinese walls. Notably in the Bronx and Queens, he is stopped by a great embankment. If he can, he clambers up it, only to face the peril of his life in a stream of cars plunging past him. At a break in that one-way traffic, he darts to the median line and teeters there watching the other-way traffic. This next dash may cost him his life.

Most municipal magistrates would be astonished to be informed that that pedestrian has an absolute right to cross that expressway. Municipal "jay-walking" ordinances are all essentially unconstitutional. The driver contests the pedestrian's right with only a *licensed* right. If the sovereign citizen, the proprietor of the road, scuttles across it, he scuttles only as a practical matter of survival, not in fear of violating any ordinance forbidding him to leave his viscera "spread out like strawberry jam." The driver's right depends on his observance of his responsibilities and the rights of other drivers and pedestrians. Like a licensed pistol-wearer, he is given the power of life or death over his fellow-citizen. Any sensible society naturally hedges such a right.

America's great problem is not even traffic but, as with every civilization that ever existed, to keep and curry the love of its citizens for the whole society and its arrangements.



In an ancient Babylon, Egypt and Rome some of that love drained out of a citizen confronted with mammoth public works comparable to the Queens highway that stops the cross-country pedestrian. It is not very metaphysical to say that when a civilization intimidates, excludes and terrifies even one citizen, it is a little nearer its death.

These great highway structures cannot be loved, and are not. The East River Drive in Manhattan, for example, almost completely excludes pedestrian Manhattanites from the East River. Every expressway excludes a number of people from what they love on the other side of the road. Structural gigantism is a fairly sure way to kill the individual's love for his world.

This estrangement of the American family by gigantism may be the clue to the whole automobile problem. It may often be just this estrangement that gives the family head the compulsion to buy a car. His car identifies him with the gigantism. It is his car, with a bum carburetor, a few individual dents and some interior litter. When he rides out into the maelstrom, he reestablishes his part in the huge thing rushing past his door. This compels the civilization to build yet more gigantic highways and the citizen feels worse again.

The family drives out to visit Aunt Esther in Hempstead, whom they don't like, instead of dropping around the corner to see Aunt Myrtle, whom they do like; or to a restaurant twenty miles away that is worse than the one down two blocks. The real purpose of the trips is to get into the maelstrom, which they all pretend to hate.

The price they pay for their cars is ruinous. According to a crack car salesman, he will give a $4,000 car to a provably solvent customer for $3,600 nowadays. However, the price including insurance and carrying charges really comes to $4,200, if it is paid over three years. The car is worth about $2,500 practically as soon as it is driven out of the sales room. At the end of one year, the customer will have paid $1,400, owe $2,800 and have a $2,000 car to show for it. A year's use costs him $2,200, excluding operating expenses.

We are told that Detroit must be kept happy, unless the United States is to go on the rocks. We have done our best with the subsidy of ten billions a year for the roadbed for Detroit's products. It is not enough.

BUT IF we can allow Detroit to take care of itself, there is a solution to the highway and traffic problem: fewer cars on the roads. The details:

1. Because a single bus or train takes between twenty and 1,000 cars off the roads, we must certainly allocate subsidies to buses and, in particular, railroads. (The old anti railroad prejudice, inherited from the land-grant period, is obsolete. Eastern railroads never got land grants.) Inter-city passenger traffic in 1953 was 86 per cent by car, 5.6 per cent by railroad and 5 per cent by bus. The railroads that year carried an average of about a million and a half passengers every day, pulling off the roads about a million cars. If the railroads were equipped to carry around twenty million passengers a day, the huge subsidies for highways could be cut down to size. The saving in gasoline, rubber and metal as well as nervous system would make America a rich and happy land.

The present auto mania is so appalling or ridiculous, depending on where your sense of humor lies, that even *urban* traffic is over 87 per cent by car and only 11 per cent by transit systems. Railroads won't solve this.

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2. The privilege of driving a car must be made immensely more honorable and exclusive. License examinations must be rigorous.

3. Licenses must be suspended at the first violation of responsibility or first indication of incompetence. The suspension period ought to be in terms of years, not weeks.

4. Detroit must be required by law to build lower speeds into cars and trucks.

5. Ruinous terms of installment purchase must be outlawed.

6. Creation of central shopping districts cleared of motor vehicles and streets, except for underground service tunnels (as in the new Fort Worth plan). In Manhattan, for example, only people and subways would be admitted to an area at least from 34th to 59th Streets between Sixth and Lexington Avenues.

To these proposals I gladly add those submitted in the Henry Ford book by Robert Moses: movement of certain goods at night; staggered work hours; more parking meters; "adequate loading and unloading and off-street parking in all new buildings"; "public subsurface, surface and upper-level public parking at reasonable rates"; "strategically located bus garages and truck terminals"; arcaded sidewalks to expand streets; "much more drastic zoning restrictions."

The Moses list might serve as interim measures while the railroads, bus lines, licensing bureaus and police departments are getting into position for the all-out solution.

Whether or not the answer has been given here, some solution is inevitable—and fairly soon. America is not a sick body; the disease of the automobile is only a metaphor. Otherwise, with such a disease, the patient would surely die. But it can be predicted that any solution must stop the propagation of more and more cars and roads.

The automobile may have converted the descendants of American pioneers, the toughest, most energetic and open-minded people in the civilized world, into lazy and fat-seated invalids in forty years. But it is yet to be proved that it has also made them fat-headed.

THE DIXIE BOYCOTT

Is Your Brand "Pure White"? . . *by J. J. Seldin*

IN LESS THAN two years the White Citizens Council movement, starting in Mississippi, has spilled across into other Southern states including Texas, Alabama, Arkansas, South Carolina and Tennessee. It embraces and offers leadership to dozens of home-grown, white-supremacy outfits like White America, Inc., Patriots of North Carolina, Inc., Southern Gentlemen's Organization, Pro Southerners, Caucasian League, Citizens Segregation Committee, Knights of the White Christians and the National Association for the Advancement of White People in their local programs of obstruction and defiance of the historic Supreme Court segregation decision of May 17, 1954.

The council movement officially shuns violence; such acts, where committed, are explained as the work of hot-headed members acting as individuals. (One of the four men who attacked Nat King Cole, Negro performer, on a Birmingham stage recently was an officer of a White Citizens Council at nearby Anniston.) The official council weapon is "economic and political pressure" applied to Negroes and whites who venture to work openly for integration. For example, in Yazoo City, Mississippi, names and addresses of fifty-three Negroes who signed a petition to the local school board were printed in a page ad in the local newspaper "as a public service by the Citizens Council of Yazoo City." The result for the fifty-three signatories was described by the Louisville, Kentucky, *Courier Journal:* "White merchants refused to sell them food; wholesalers refused supplies to those of them who had small groceries. . . . Many have left town to live elsewhere and only two signatures, both of people who have left, remain on the petition."

Cases are recorded of Negroes losing their jobs, handed stiff rent hikes, denied bank credit and squeezed in other economic ways for expressing belief in the Supreme Court ruling. Several white families were reported driven out of Holmes County, Mississippi, for the same "crime."

The turning of the economic screw on Southern Negroes and whites who work for integration, the occasional violence (official or otherwise) and the rabble-rousing tactics of the councils are condemned by Mark Ethridge, editor of the *Courier Journal,* as "openly contemptuous of law and civil rights." Some liberals liken the rise of the councils to the growth of Nazism in Germany. To the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *Journal,* they reflect the "hateful specter of the old Ku Klux Klan riding again, without robes or nooses or whips, but practicing the same sadism and terrorism with more subtle weapons for the same purpose." To Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize winning editor of Mississippi's Greenville Delta *Democrat-Times,* council members are "blood brothers of the Capone mob."

This atmosphere of prejudice and terrorism provides the right soil for seasoned professional haters of Catholics, Negroes and Jews. Bigots like Gerald L. K. Smith, John W. Hamilton, Conde McGinley, Gerald Winrod and Frank Britton are welcome in the council movement. They were asked by Robert P. Patterson, executive secretary of the Mississippi council, not to forego their individual pet hatreds but to unite on the all-important "anti-segregation issue" and to "speak out for separation of the black and white races."

JOSEPH J. SELDIN, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is a New York advertising man.*

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Take John W. Hamilton as an example. At the war's end, he learned the race-hatred business in Boston as a lieutenant of anti-Semite Gerald L. K. Smith. After a few years he split with Smith and went into business for himself in St. Louis, setting up the National Citizens Protective Association, of which he named himself chairman. But St. Louis offered him meagre support. In the 1950 elections, running as a candidate of the Christian National Party, he got only 402 votes of the 266,997 total cast.

ON a speaking tour of the South last fall, Hamilton told an audience at Little Rock, Arkansas, as reported in the Little Rock *Gazette,* that he was "proud to be a believer in white supremacy." He boasted that his National Citizens Protective Association had broken up demonstrations by Negroes who wanted to eat at an all-white restaurant at St. Louis. The demonstrations stopped after a group of his association members appeared "carrying heavy magazines rolled into tight club-like cylinders."

Back at St. Louis, Hamilton went after bigger game. He tackled the Falstaff Brewing Corporation, the nation's fourth largest brewer, whose regional plants at St. Louis, Omaha, New Orleans, Fort Wayne and San Jose (California) made the company particularly vulnerable to the race question in the South and Midwest. In the October issue of *The White Sentinel,* racist organ of his association, Hamilton front-paged a photograph showing Karl Vollmar, Falstaff vice-president, handing a $500 check to the representative of the NAACP. The check was for life membership. Hamilton warned his readers that "when you purchase Falstaff beer . . . you are aiding the integration and mongrelization of America." Mongrelization is a favorite word of Hamilton's.

In the November issue of *The White Sentinel* the attack was stepped up. Hamilton accused Vollmar of "trying to explain away the facts" by claiming that "Falstaff joined NAACP in 1953 before the Supreme Court's . . . decision." To repudiate this, Hamilton reproduced a page in the official NAACP publication recording Falstaff's life membership as having been received during the first seven months of 1954. In the same issue of the NAACP publication were names, which Hamilton chose to ignore, of distinguished Americans whose life memberships in the same organization were also recorded during that seven-month period: Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, song writer Richard Rogers, publisher Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, California Governor Goodwin J. Knight, Pulitzer Prize winner James A. Michener, Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., publisher Richard L. Simon, actress Tallulah Bankhead and playwright Robert E. Sherwood.

Anyway, the date of Falstaff's joining was to Hamilton not the issue. "The fact that Falstaff gave its moral and financial support" to NAACP "is the issue. . . . Let it repudiate its support . . . and publicly cancel its membership at once." Otherwise, Hamilton warned, the $500 gift might "cost $5,000,000 in lost sales as Falstaff drinkers all over . . . changed to other brands."

To carry out his threat, Hamilton effected the circulation of an estimated 80,000 reprints of the photograph showing Falstaff's joining NAACP. Circulation was chiefly in Mississippi and in other places "where Falstaff does business." Hamilton soon reported "spontaneous buyers' resistance" and Falstaff acknowledged growth of "some sales resistance," particularly in Mississippi.

The war was short. Falstaff Brewing Corporation surrendered to Hamilton. In a registered letter dated November 29, 1955, Joseph Griesedieck, Falstaff president, wrote the NAACP that the brewing company's policy was "not to participate in controversial organizations"; he denied he had authorized "membership or participation in your association." The company explained that the $500 contribution had been made "on the appeal of one of its Negro salesmen" and was intended "as membership for that salesman."

BUT IF Falstaff hoped to quell the storm, the results were highly disappointing. Hamilton jubilantly reported the victory to his racist followers and tossed bouquets to Citizens Councils in several states for distributing thousands of copies of the Falstaff "exposure." But Hamilton also proved an ungracious victor. He demanded that Falstaff "sue the NAACP for defamation of character" and vowed that his National Citizens Protective Association would "never look favorably on Falstaff. . . . Personally, I will never drink Falstaff again." Apparently, a business firm cannot resign from this kind of war, a lesson which Falstaff failed to realize.

Meanwhile, protests against Falstaff mounted in Negro circles. The St. Louis *American,* Negro weekly, headlined its front-page story, Falstaff Bows to Mississippi Bigots. The firm's resignation from the NAACP was an "insult to its thousands of Negro customers." Its editorial asked: "What profit the Falstaff company if it loses its integrity and gains a bigot's ephemeral trade?" It felt that Falstaff stood to gain more good will from the "increasing mass of Americans who are opposed to such human indignities" than by catering to a "temporary bias bloc."

Flushed by the swift victory over Falstaff, Hamilton wrote to this writer in response to an inquiry:

PHILIP MORRIS PRESIDENT RECEIVES URBAN LEAGUE AWARD

FALSTAFF BREWERY SUPPORTS ANTI-WHITE DRIVE
GIVES $500.00 TO BECOME LIFE MEMBER OF NAACP

FORD FOUNDATION GIVES $50,000 TO NAACP

Headlines from The White Sentinel, *which tells its readers about firms it believes are "friendly" to Negroes.*

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> Our policy is simply that any firm which engages in race-mixing propaganda or aids the enemies of the White Race such as the NAACP or the Urban League, should be exposed. The 140,000,000 White Christian Americans should know when companies, whose products they purchase, are secretly or otherwise stabbing them in the back. Each company is contacted and asked to cease and desist. If they refuse, then their miserable record is exposed. So far we have only exposed Falstaff, Philco, Ford and Philip Morris. The first two have recanted and we are not at present mentioning them. The last two continue aiding and subsidizing the enemies of the White Race and we will continue to expose them until they change their ways or are bankrupt.

Hamilton's reference to Philco's "recanting" is his own interpretation of the facts. Last fall Philco presented a TV play in which a light-skinned Negress played the wife of a Negro longshoreman. But Hamilton mistook her for white and demanded "100,000 letters of protest" from white-supremacists for this "public insult to White womanhood." When Philco assured him that the female was a Negress and closed its letter with the stereotyped "we deeply appreciate expressions of opinion from our TV audiences," Hamilton accepted this letter as an "apology and explanation." But he harbored suspicions because "she looked White, while enabling Philco to answer she wasn't White at all" and he angrily questioned "why Philco sponsored the negro show in the first place."

HAMILTON'S objections to Philip Morris result from what is probably the best race-relations record in the tobacco industry. As noted in the Pittsburgh *Courier,* Negro weekly, Philip Morris was the first cigarette company to employ Negro salesmen and the first to advertise in the Negro press. It was first to extend security benefits to seasonal tobacco workers—most of whom are Negroes—and it makes annual contributions to the Urban League. The *Courier* lauded this distinguished record as the living reflection of the Philip Morris slogan: "People and not machines make cigarettes."

Seen in Hamilton's white-supremacy mirror, Philip Morris has the "worst record in the tobacco industry" since it hired the first Negro salesmen and led "other tobacco companies to hire negro salesmen."

In his letter to this writer, Hamilton credits the 17.2 per cent drop in Philip Morris sales for 1955 to the buyers' strike promoted in *The White Sentinel.* He believes that the "attempt to counteract the growing buyers' resistance" by taking "full page ads week after week in many negro papers" was wasted because Negroes "weren't interested and continued to smoke whatever brands they felt like. All the money, time and effort—all the niggers PM hired as 'executives'—were lost on the negro population. But a growing number of Whites resented PM's nigger-loving policies and the result was a 17.2 per cent drop in sales last year."

These are Hamilton's distortions of the facts. *Business Week's* compilation of annual Philip Morris sales shows that they had been declining since 1950. From forty billion cigarettes in 1950, sales slid to twenty-four billion in 1955. The sharpest drop was in 1954, before the White Citizens Councils began operating. But for the first quarter of this year, according to company reports, sales have risen 26 per cent over the same period last year.

Hamilton resents Ford because of the $50,000 gift by the Fund for the Republic to NAACP'S legal arm and because about one-third of the Fund's $4,000,000 in expenditures have been for improving race relations. Despite the Ford Motor Company's lack of control over expenditures by the Fund for the Republic, Hamilton and the Citizens Councils hold the auto firm directly responsible for the Fund's gifts. Members of the council were told to boycott Ford products because "when you purchase an auto, truck or tractor . . . the Ford Motor Company's profits go to subsidize mongrelization."

Southern opinion, however, is not united on boycott as a policy. Many Southerners fear that such a policy will only extend the counter-boycotts already started in Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and South Carolina. The *Wall Street Journal* reported many Negroes in Alabama stopped buying a soft-drink brand "when rumors spread that various local bottlers had contributed funds" to the White Citizens Councils. In Tennessee a bottler acknowledged that "twelve or thirteen" Negro merchants cancelled accounts with him because he entered his name on a legal suit which sought to withhold state money from desegregated colleges.

MANY Southern newspapers are expressing misgivings. The Florence, South Carolina, *News* is worried that the counter-boycott will be "drastic to our economy. The purchasing power of the Negro isn't on a par with that of the white population, but it is important enough to make the difference between success and failure in many business establishments in the South." The Augusta, Georgia, *Chronicle* fears the "battle of economic reprisal" and asks for "reasonableness and level-headedness." The Macon, Georgia, *News* tells of the "realization on the part of prominent businessmen and industrialists that economic retaliation is a sword which is sharp on both edges. Boycotts beget boycotts and the total colored population in the state accounts for a large percentage of trade." And the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* warns that "it is not the Negroes or the White Councils alone that are likely to suffer but the entire community . . . in a self-crippling of its own economy. The only hopeful phase of all this folly is that from it the racists may learn, even though they choose the hard way to do it, that . . . segregation retards . . . a healthy business life for the community."

The Montgomery bus strike, capable in a few weeks of bringing the bus company to its economic knees, despite mass indictments of Negro leaders, provides a lesson sharp and clear for the entire South—Negro and white—to see. Even the racists cannot mistake that economic lesson.

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Capital Punishment: Pro and Con

Few articles published in The Nation *in recent years elicited so much reader response as did Fred J. Cook's Does the Death Sentence Prevent Crime? which appeared in our March 10 issue. Governors, state attorneys general, prison wardens and chaplains, as well as the general public, have flooded us with letters—the great majority of them supporting* The Nation's *stand against capital punishment.*

Here is a sampling of the letters received. In coming weeks we will publish more of them, just as we intend to publish additional articles throwing light on this important subject. THE EDITORS.

Dear Sirs: I have never favored capital punishment and six years as governor of a state which does not impose the death penalty has merely served to reinforce that conviction. I have yet to see any evidence which indicates that the death penalty is effective as a deterrent to major crimes.

As a matter of fact, the murderer more often than not is one of the best prospects for parole. In most instances the crime for which he was sentenced was his first serious offense—a single violent act committed under extreme provocation which it is unlikely would ever be repeated.

Here in Wisconsin all murderers who are sentenced to life terms are eventually paroled, and experience has shown that they generally establish outstanding records while on parole, ultimately are pardoned and continue to live as useful and productive citizens.

WALTER J. KOHLER
GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN

Dear Sirs: I have now been in law enforcement for some twelve years. I have grave doubts as to the efficacy of capital punishment. As a matter of fact, I think that it could well promote violence rather than deter it.

In this state, a committee of citizens known as the Attorney General's Advisory Committee on Crime Prevention has been working for a period of two years on many problems. Capital punishment is one of the subjects under discussion. We feel, however, that it should be done under a grant from the Ford Foundation and we are at present attempting to obtain one. If we do, the Law School of the University of California and, the Advisory Committee will undertake a nationwide study. If not, we will make a study of our own within the limits of California and make such report as we feel advisable.

EDMUND G. BROWN
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF CALIFORNIA

Dear Sirs: I have been mildly opposed to capital punishment, but the brutal bombing of forty-four airborne travelers, including his own mother, by John Gilbert Graham of Denver has convinced me that capital punishment should be continued.

EDWIN C. JOHNSON
GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

Dear Sirs: As a result of twenty years of experience in criminal court, certain observations have become convictions with me. . . . It is punishment as a concept at which we should take a fresh look. Actually the process of taking such a fresh look is well under way, for we find in the federal prison system and in California a rather full range of penological institutions from the fortress to the open farm.

This whole development is, I think, part of the general trend towards what might be called the paternalistic government, and is bringing into existence effective methods of rehabilitation. I am thinking of such institutions as the California Institute for Men at Chino or a few others like it dotted over the country. In the institutions that follow this philosophy the repeater rate has gone way down. . . . It seems to be indicated by current experience that almost fifty per cent of our prisoners could be treated without the benefit of maximum incarceration.

My point is that with the growth of this new kind of penology the death penalty is likely to wither away naturally, but this is no reason to relax the direct attack on it.

CURTIS BOK
JUDGE, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: What motivates legislatures in reversing the trend toward abolition of the death penalty? In my judgment it is a response to insistent pressure. Brutal and sensational crimes like the Lindbergh kidnaping case create an atmosphere of passion and prejudice. Legislatures, in adding another to the list of capital crimes, reacted like parents punishing a child in anger, without due regard to the ultimate objective of such punishment. Public indignation at the loss of life resulting from the sabotage of a commercial airliner is now being directed at Congress and our state legislatures. While such shocking crimes cannot be condoned, it is doubtful if imposing the death penalty is the best means of discouraging them.

Those who advocate the imposition of the supreme penalty insist that it is justified as a deterrent to similar crimes. The evidence available to support this view is not convincing. . . .

DON EASTVOLD
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF WASHINGTON

Dear Sirs: I would have you list me as one who favors capital punishment. In a century in which barbarism has returned and triumphed in so great a part of the world, in the efficient form of gas chambers and slave labor camps, I think that we people of the English-speaking world are becoming a bit *precieuse* in our consideration for the lives of hardened criminals. I do not find it necessary to analyze my reasons for wishing the world rid of such individuals, though I have never been convinced that the threat of death is not a deterrent. I do not ask myself why these fiends should die, but why should they live.

JO M. FERGUSON
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF KENTUCKY

Dear Sirs: Since there is no evidence to support the claim that capital punishment deters crime, let me point out four ways in which life imprisonment would be superior to the death penalty.

1. It gives the state a chance to rectify any mistake it may make and heaven alone knows how many have been made in the course of human history. . . .

2. Life imprisonment gives the criminal a chance to atone for his crime. In "practical" America, when the father of one family kills the father of any other family, we solemnly proceed to take the life of the remaining one, with the result that

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we have two dead parents and two orphaned families. Why not keep one of the fathers and make him do double duty, requiring him to make restitution at least for the economic damage he has done. . .?

3. Life imprisonment gives a criminal a chance to repent and reform.

4. Furthermore, by showing a reverent reluctance to take even the life of a convicted murderer and then holding out the hope of his ultimate reformation, the state, by its own example, could do more to affirm the sanctity of all life than by a thousand precepts or a thousand laws.

DAVID RHYS WILLIAMS
MINISTER, FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: The homicide rate in South Dakota, as cited in Mr. Cook's article, is very low. No prisoners have yet been sentenced to death since I became Governor. I hope the need for capital punishment will never arise in this state.

Frankly, I have always been opposed to capital punishment as I do not believe it is effective in crime prevention. I, too, value human life very highly, and I believe the entire matter of capital punishment should be reviewed by the legislatures of those states which have laws permitting the death penalty. I am sending Mr. Cook's article to the Legislative Research Council so members of the legislature may have the benefit of his research in this important matter.

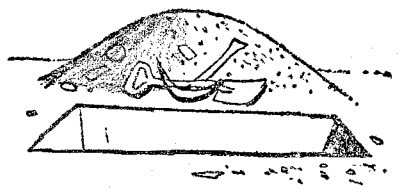
JOE FOSS
GOVERNOR OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Dear Sirs: As for my own views on capital punishment, I refer you to the 1937 Session of the Pennsylvania General Assembly when I had the privilege of serving as Majority Leader for the Democratic representatives. At that time a bill was introduced to abolish capital punishment. I voted against a motion to recommit it and then for its passage. It was defeated; but when reconsidered later in the session I voted for it again. This time it passed but was buried in Senate committee.

As you can see, I opposed capital punishment at that time. My views have not changed since.

HERBERT B. COHEN
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Sirs: There is one argument that has occurred to me which is not included in Mr. Cook's article. It is the very detrimental effect that a contemplated execution has on the morale and general well-being of the



prison inmates, as well as upon the rehabilitative program of the institution. The entire population is upset for months before the execution actually takes place, especially if the condemned man is one known by the inmate body.

I certainly favor the abolition of capital punishment. I question whether man can legislate away his responsibility under the Sixth Commandment, which reads: "Thou shalt not kill."

J. E. OVERLADE
WARDEN, INDIANA STATE PRISON
Michigan City, Ind.

Dear Sirs: I wish to say that I am highly in favor of capital punishment for certain crimes. In North Carolina, the death penalty is the punishment for first-degree murder, first-degree burglary, rape and arson. However, our statutes have been amended in recent years and now the jury may, in its discretion, recommend life imprisonment in every instance of conviction of the capital offense.

WILLIAM B. RODMAN, JR.
ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL,
NORTH CAROLINA

Dear Sirs: The law concerning capital punishment, at least in this state, has defeated itself because of preferential treatment by our courts and those associated with them. I believe the state has lost its right to take a life. In our courts there have been too many deals, too many fixes, very little uniformity in applying the law. Just this summer I accompanied a man to the chair, a pathetic case, and we fought to the end. At the same time his partner, the actual accomplice, was given the opportunity to plead guilty to second-degree murder and thereby get a life sentence. Our law on a robbery-homicide calls for the death penalty for all involved. How can the state allow one to die and the other to do life? This to me is a farce. . . .

How, then, do I feel about capital punishment? Well, basically the state has the right to take a life providing it proves beyond any possible doubt that a person is guilty of first-degree murder. But to exercise this right it must exercise perfect consistency. Since deviation is so obvious in all states, capital punishment should be abolished.

I also add this thought. Nothing is more inhuman than an execution. Those assigned to fulfill this chore, by reason of duty, treat the condemned worse than a wild animal. That is, in the actual mechanics of putting a man in the chair. No thought whatever is given to the sacredness of the human body. It is absolutely cruel, inhuman and paganistic. I really believe that all judges, prosecutors, even jurors if possible, should be made to witness an execution, then they might think much more sincerely and seriously before giving the death penalty.

My final thought is this. The primary penalty for crime, murder or otherwise, is punishment. To anyone who has any penal experience, it is far greater punishment to make a man serve a life sentence (twenty-year minimum) than to snuff out his life by the death penalty.

J. W. REYNOLDS
CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN,
CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON
Wethersfield, Conn.

Dear Sirs: The application of the death penalty in a given culture connotes the prevalence of certain attitudes. It is an expression of society's own sadism and cruelty. It indicates a tendency to purge oneself of guilt feelings by projecting them on to the criminal, who is then offered up as a blood-sacrifice. It is a manifestation of society's belief in its own infallibility. These unhealthy attitudes, when carried to an extreme, are the hallmarks of paranoia.

The periodic expression of these attitudes through the dramatic and well-publicized ritual of executing a criminal (our modern equivalent for the barbaric public executions, burnings at the stake and crucifixions of the past) reinforces, encourages and caters to psychopathic tendencies, particularly among impressionable youth, and helps to push some borderline delinquents over the border into overt criminality and murder.

ISIDORE ZIFERSTEIN, M. D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dears Sirs: My opposition to capital punishment is based on the fact that this type of punishment is not fulfilling its purpose. In other words, it does not seem to be a deterrent to crimes of violence, and in many instances relegates the convicted murderer to the position of a martyr.

E. R. CALLISTER
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF UTAH

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Germany: New Myths for Old

THE GERMAN FIFTH COLUMN IN WORLD WAR II. By Louis de Jong. Translated from the Dutch by C. M. Geyl. University of Chicago Press. $5.

RETURN TO POWER. By Alistair Horne. Frederick A. Praeger. $6.

By Frederick L. Schuman

IN J. R. R. TOLKIEN'S epic trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings,* it is told how a Ring of Power, conferring upon its bearer invisibility and omnipotence, brings ruin to those who possess it—until it almost passes to the Dark Lord of Mordor whose wickedness, once he holds the talisman, will bring all to ruin. A hero, capable of renouncing temptation, is given the task of salvation by seeking, at infinite peril, to destroy the Ring by casting it into the fires of the Crack of Doom.

The theme is as old as original sin and as recent as Goethe's *Faust.* In our century it has come to its most hideous expression in Germany. Long will men keep asking: what demonic magic drove the Germans, two decades ago, to undertake the destruction of European civilization? What elements of the magic remain today? What role are these people, once tragically bewitched and only doubtfully cured by disaster, to play in the world in the days to come?

These two new books throw light, albeit murkily, on the possible shape of answers. Louis de Jong, author of *Holland Fights the Nazis* (1941), broadcaster in exile, and now executive director of the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation, undertook a study for UNESCO five years ago of the German "fifth column" in World War II. He now sees that his original judgment was wrong and that he, among others, was the victim of a myth, fraught with paralyzing fear. His new book is a marvelously detailed and meticulously footnoted dissection of the myth and of the reality behind the myth. It is a masterpiece of analysis, more absorbing than any TV thriller, of the major "secret weapon" of Hitler's madmen.

All the facts are here. The Nazi "fifth column" was a reality in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Scandinavia, the Low Countries and Russia. De Jong perceives, however, that popular impressions were magnified far beyond the facts. His prime concern is with this defect of perception, which led to such cruel irrationalities as the American deportation of the Nisei and Soviet deportation of the Volga Germans. He exposes the unintended myth-making of Edgar Mowrer, Leland Stowe and the present reviewer, all alike trapped by the "fixed image" of the Nazi equivalent of the Trojan Horse. He shows in masterly fashion how much was true and how much was false in the image. His insight into the roots of terror and his skill in separating fact and fiction are superb.

If any adverse criticism is merited, it might be this: De Jong neglects the diabolical genius of the Nazi psychopaths in manufacturing fear by the methods of advertising. The success of the "fifth column" was due, as De Jong shows, less to fact than to fiction, accepted as fact by millions of the panic-stricken. Such masterpieces of deception, perfected by all the totalitarians of our generation, are possible only because the victims are doomed to self-defeat by their own neurotic anxieties.

AS FOR the Germans of today, Alistair Horne, perceptive correspondent in Bonn of the London *Daily Telegraph,* has given us what is easily the most informative account in print of the politics, at home and abroad, of Adenauer's truncated Reich. His "report on the new Germany" is enormously readable in style, yet encyclopedic in content. Do you want to know the story of EDC and WEU? German rearmament? The Saar? The incredible restoration of the Krupp empire? Werner Naumann and Otto John? Elections and public opinion? The "miracle" of the West German economy? Neo-Nazism? The workers revolt in East Germany in 1953? The hero-tale of the *Volkswagon?* The present balance of forces in the *Bundesrepublik Deutschlands?* The answers are here in rich detail. There are omissions, to be sure. The Gehlen espionage organization is mentioned only once and dismissed as "nebulous." Of the Republican ex-Chancellors, all good Catholics and conservatives, bitterly opposed to Adenauer's policies, Bruening receives due attention, the late Josef Wirth is treated contemptuously, and Hans Luther is never mentioned at all. This is, nonetheless, the best of all available books in English on post-war Germany.

SO MUCH said, let a *caveat* be entered. Horne is an admirable reporter. But, like all of us, he has his "frame of reference" in his interpretations and his rare editorializing. It coincides with that of most British Tories and of all American policy-makers, Democratic and Republican alike, since 1949. The premise of this position is that German rearmament is essential for European security, that "negotiation from strength" will induce Moscow to accept the unification of the two Germanys, and that an armed and united Reich will tip the balance of power in favor of the "Free World." These myths are uncritically accepted by all Americans save James B. Warburg, J. Alvarez del Vayo and a mere handful of other critics of current stereotypes.

In fact, as this reviewer sees the facts (no doubt fallibly, since certainty is not to be had in such matters), Germany's "return to power" is a fallacy. No Reich, united or divided, armed, allied, or neutralized, can ever again play a Great Power role. The reasons are three: (1) the industrialization of Russia; (2) the ability of the USSR and its allies to match German rearmament, if need be, division for division, tank for tank, and plane for plane, leaving the balance of military forces on the

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College, is the author of Germany Since 1918, The Nazi Dictatorship, Europe on the Eve, Night Over Europe *and other books.*

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Continent exactly where it is today; and (3) the certainty that, in case of war, all of Western Germany will be totally destroyed by a dozen H-bombs, thanks to what Lidell Hart has called the "suicidal" strategic plans of NATO. Under these circumstances a new Wehrmacht can play no role whatever, defensively or offensively, against Russia, as more and more Germans are dimly beginning to see.

German rearmament involves no risk of World War III through any effort to liberate "lost provinces." Even mad statesmen shrink from national annihilation. The risk involved is a new German domination of Western Europe, with possible Russian connivance. This risk is appreciated by our French allies. It is neglected by Alistair Horne and by the policy-makers of London and Washington. If anyone supposes that today's Germans have renounced the temptations of power, Horne's book, read thoughtfully, will cure the misapprehension.

The Fun of Being French

THE GREEN MARE. By Marcel Aymé. Translated from the French by Norman Denny. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE WICKED VILLAGE. By Gabriel Chevallier. Translated from the French by Edward Hyams. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

By Maude Hutchins

THE GREEN MARE by Marcel Aymé, said to be a steady bestseller in France and his most talked-about novel, gets off to a hilarious start.

> "Something has happened! Something has happened!" The tumult reached its height in Haudouin's farmyard, where the people of Claquebue recovered all the vigorous malice of former days. While the oldest of them besought the cure to exorcise the green mare, the six Republicans shouted "Down with the Empire!" in his very face. A riot started and the Mayor received a kick in the rump which caused a speech to rise instantly to his lips. The younger women complained of being pinched, the older ones of not being pinched. . . .

When Jules Haudouin appears in the stable door, his hands bloody, and confirms the extraordinary birth: "She's as green as an apple," he shouts.

The green mare soon succumbs and a painting of her becomes a talisman; like an ancestor she hangs on the dining-room wall between, first the Emperor and Canrobert, then Thiers and MacMahon, then Jules Grévy and Gambetta. It is a fine painting and "You'd almost think it could talk!" murmurs Haudouin.

And it does. The green mare is a talking horse. She doesn't laboriously tap it out either, she uses a pen, and this green mare is a blue stocking, too, *bas bleu.* She writes like an angel and whatever answers there are in the book, to questions, by the way, that have never been asked, are hers. Her prose is the prettiest and her language the most refined and her thesis is love. She speaks endearingly of "my fruitless obsessions and two-dimensional lusts" and we wish there were more of her. "The only truly bad behavior is that which assails property or diminishes its value," observes the green mare. Of course, she is Marcel Aymé.

The novel seethes with characters and personalities and women. There is a big plot and little plottings; politicians, complacent maidservants, naughty children, Republicans, Royalists, a memorable *curé;* a darling postman, the only non-sensualist of the lot; a policeman, a Bavarian infantryman, etc. There is a brutal needling study of a nasty man (Ferdinand), sensualist and prig, hypocrite and censor, horrendous, maniac, opposed to his brother (Honoré), sensualist and angel, great lovable innocent.

The green mare, preoccupied with love and lust, keeps up a running comment, single foot; at times she becomes sentimental, at others a little involved, intellectual, rather dull, too scientific, and in the end she points out the moral of the story. Here M. Aymé disengages himself from his horsey costume as he, as an artist, must, and it is true that the green mare is fallible. She has made a bad mistake. What has become of her "two-dimensional lust" when she says, "The moral of this tale is that there can be no enduring love, rooted in true happiness, except within the family"? Granted, it is a good moral but it is not the moral of this story. For this story, there is no moral.

The meaning of the tale: the strong implication that political and social and property battles are in essence sexual rivalry, their subconscious or conscious objective the defloration of the enemies' womenfolk, gives *The Green Mare* its real importance as a novel. One might reread *Romeo and Juliet* with this in mind. Perhaps Juliette, daughter of Haudouin, is named from her. Like the Capulets and Montagues, the Haudouins and Malorets wage war and their children lust after each other.

The Green Mare can be read for fun, too, without the reader's troubling himself with what it means. However, artistically, it is as crowded as a busy room, too many diverting objects on a mantelpiece.

"WHAT we are concerned with, then, is the chronicle of a little, rustic backwater in the course of evolution." This, in the words of Gabriel Chevallier, the author, is what *The Wicked Village* is, and is about. It is an understatement. "The chronicle of Clochemerle between 1919 and 1936 has real documentary value," he says, and, "Clochemerle," one of his characters says, "Clochemerle is average humanity." True, but *The Wicked Village* is of more than documentary value. "In all this baying clamor, expressive of love and hatred, blood and money, pleasure and pain, wealth and poverty, it was surely possible to be happy, in heaven's name! Clochemerle was still Clochemerle, wasn't it? Its land was still beautiful, a great blue-and-green cleft in the fold of the mountains, brilliant with color under the stinging lash of the southern sun."

M. Chevallier's style is so pleasing and easy without any affectations or seeming effort that if this novel were nothing but words without content it would satisfy. But it is like the Beaujolais wine from the vineyards of Clochemerle, red, but slow to intoxicate. "Would you call eternity with nothing to drink paradise? Come be serious," says the Curé Patard to the baroness, chatelaine of the Clochemerlins. There is plenty

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MAUDE HUTCHINS is the author of The Memoirs of Maisie, My Hero, Love Is a Pie *and other novels.*

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to drink in *The Wicked Village,* and in Clochemerle, but it makes only strangers drunk.

M. Chevallier uses no device as M. Aymé does in *The Green Mare* to say what *he* thinks. The novel is one long speech by himself, but he is well worth listening to and perhaps there will be more to come in further novels of the extraordinary and yet quite ordinary people of Clochemerle—average, one feels, only because there is no cypher among them. Heady characters they all are and the author loves them and forgives them every one. "There is nothing against it, Baroness," says the *curé* when she asks, "You'll have been forewarned, no doubt. I wish to be saved, but without derogating from my rank. Is it possible?" "You can find anything and everything in the Scriptures, a right-wing as well as a left-wing religion. The Evangelists, who were by no means half-witted, foresaw all the political changes." "What an epoch!" sighs Samothrace, the town's poet, the only platonic lover of Flora, the slut.

At first glimpse, and even after a prolonged stare, Clochemerle seems indeed a wicked village but his Grace, the Archbishop, felt himself disposed toward the Clochemerlins, and "the vines of Beaujolais were planted at divine command by Noah's hand," says an old ballad.

The oaths on page 262:

"Scropia de la fafouette!" "Niquedoine de gazadagne!" "Beuseuqueux!" "Mangematatouille!" are untranslatable anyway. *"Je n'écris pas pour ma petit soeur,"* quotes the author himself by way of a preface.

Explanation by Formula

SIX KEYS TO THE SOVIET SYSTEM. By Bertram D. Wolfe. The Beacon Press. $3.75.

By Harold J. Berman

BERTRAM WOLFE'S essays of the past fifteen years, collected in this volume, unlock many of the weaknesses of the Soviet system but give few clues to its sources of strength.

Whether he is writing about the struggle for succession to party leadership, or suppression of freedom of scholarship, or restrictions upon labor mobility, or the purges and the labor camps, or Soviet imperialism, Mr. Wolfe has a single message: the Soviet state is conducting war upon its own people, using as weapons mass propaganda, terror, isolation, indoctrination, total organization and total regulation. The image he presents is that of a "country of the blind," an Orwellian inferno, in which two plus two is what the rulers say it is. If there has been some apparent relaxation of internal and international tensions since Stalin's death, he writes, it is only because "the men in the Kremlin are moving from weakness and the uncertainties of their internal struggle."

It is a part of the author's thesis that totalitarianism is driven to become ever more and more oppressive. "No system," he writes, "which aims to dominate, coordinate and prescribe everything, no system which . . . claims to be able to explain by a single formula the entire past, control the entire present and determine the entire future, can tolerate the unpredictability which springs from difference, creativeness, spontaneity, uniqueness." "There is a fearful dynamic to totalitarianism that drives it to rupture the entire fabric of consent and consensus. From thence springs its fear that men will not believe and not obey. But once fear is present, it drives to the use of further terror. And terror exercised against one's people or associates begets greater fear."

HAROLD J. BERMAN is an associate of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University and the author, among other books, of The Russians in Focus *and* Soviet Military Law and Administration.

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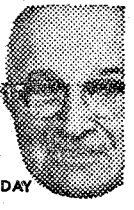

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Few are as expert as Mr. Wolfe in telling and documenting the gruesome story of Soviet terror. But is that the whole story? Is the drive "to dominate, coordinate and prescribe everything" the only major determinant of Soviet policy? Has not Mr. Wolfe, together with many other American scholars on the Soviet Union, himself fallen victim to a "single formula" for explaining Soviet history, a monistic theory of political determinism ("the struggle for power")which is just as fallacious as the monistic Marxist theory of economic determinism ("the class struggle")?

MR. WOLFE demonstrates the evil effects of political interference in science by recounting the demonic story of the Lysenko purge of geneticists; but that story does not explain the great achievements of Soviet science and technology in other fields. Nor is the development of the Soviet economic system, with its mixture of planning and chaos, of regimentation and incentives, to be explained primarily in terms of power politics or power ideology. Nor are the concessions which have been made to religious freedom during the past two decades a result of the "fearful dynamic" of totalitarianism. Nor was the shift in the mid-1930's away from utopian Leninism to traditional Russian values and to legality in non-political spheres a consequence of the Stalinist lust for domination. Mr. Wolfe is able to maintain his thesis only by omitting discussion of these matters.

The Soviet leadership is not so omnipotent as it is popularly believed. It cannot govern without some degree of "consent and consensus." It must respond to historical factors and cannot merely dictate them. Stalin understood this. His successors appear to understand it much better.

The total revolutions of our time are indeed monstrous and diabolical. But the "devil" theory of totalitarianism is dangerously misleading when it forgets that Lucifer is a fallen angel, who commands the art of persuasion and not only the art of coercion, who knows how to win friends and influence people, and who is capable of giving many rewards and much satisfaction to those who are willing to accept his leadership.

Orthodoxy in Scotland

TWO WORLDS. An Edinburgh Jewish Childhood. By David Daiches. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

By Jacob Korg

THERE ARE subtle elegiac overtones in this account of a warm and happy childhood by an eminent literary scholar and critic. Daiches' father, the leading rabbi of Scotland and scion of a line of rabbinical scholars, preached a brand of Judaism that was intended to harmonize with modern life without yielding an inch in the matter of ritual. The atmosphere of his home mingled a thoroughgoing orthodoxy with a high degree of intellectual enlightenment. In the Daiches family complicated rituals were strictly observed, but free discussion of religious doctrines was encouraged. As a boy in the streets and schools of Edinburgh, Daiches encountered no anti-Semitism. He learned to read Hebrew before English and this became an advantage when the teacher of a Bible-study class made it a practice to call upon him for close translations of the original.

Rabbi Daiches did not expect either of his sons to carry on the rabbinical tradition of the family, but he must have hoped that they would preserve the Judaism he represented. Often enough, Daiches tells us, the ostensibly unrelated Scottish and Jewish cultures of his boyhood life merged into Proustian clusters of sensations which he still finds unforgettable. But the sound of the bagpipes aroused a pang as it reminded him that his ancestors had had no part in Scottish history, and when he grew older he sensed the anachronism of the kind of religion he had been brought up to observe. Ultimately he became an agnostic and married outside the Jewish religion. As a boy under his father's influence he had often dreamed of becoming professor of English at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem; but when the position was actually offered to him, he declined it.

The frankly ruminative story mentions many of the delightful peculiarities of the tiny Jewish community of Edinburgh. Rabbi Daiches, seen in the middle distance (which is the usual position dignified parents hold in the minds of their children), was a gentle, earnest, vigorous man who devoted his life to the cause of gaining the Jews a recognized place in Scottish national life. We see him playing golf in his own awkward fashion, swimming at a seaside resort in Fife, drinking beer in a pub and engaging in other unrabbinical activities. There was more than a surface incongruity to all this, for modern developments, especially the rise of Hitler, were making his whole gallant effort on behalf of Judaism obsolete. Like the old Scots Yiddish dialect that Daiches describes, his father's outlook and way of life were the precious products of a delicate balance between two cultures. It is a little sad that they were bound to vanish as time moved on.

JACOB KORG is a member of the Department of English at the University of Washington.

Cities to Order

THE BRITISH NEW TOWNS POLICY. Problems and Implications. By Lloyd Rodwin. Harvard University Press. $7.50.

By Albert Guerard

THE TOPSY ("just growed") school of sociologists denies that a city can be deliberately created. As a matter of fact, Greeks, Phœnicians, Romans, did make cities to order; France is strewn with medieval *Villefranches* and *Villeneuves;* and with us, Washington, Gary, Longview and Radford offer four widely different types of the "artificial" city. In 1898, Sir Ebenezer Howard started the idea of the comprehensively planned garden community; Letchworth and Welwyn were due to his initiative. Their success was but moderate. But, in 1946, three factors determined a revival of the idea. The first was the destruction wrought by World War II. The second, the desire to check the formidable concentration in the London area. The third was the bold enthusiastic spirit of the British New Dealers, the Labor government. Then the creation of "New Towns" was adopted as a policy. Fifteen were started: eight in the London region; one just north of it,

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one in Wales, two in County Durham, three in Scotland. The severe postwar depression, and many administrative conflicts, paralyzed their development. Still, not one of them had to be abandoned; and it seems as though they would now enjoy a healthy growth.

The experiment, then, is far from decisive. Howard and his followers labored under the delusion that the intrinsic advantages of a well-planned community would suffice to attract the crowd—as Emerson believed of the better mousetrap, or some Esperantists of the simpler, easier language. This was also the faith of the many Socialist settlements in the nineteenth century. Reality is more complex. Men prefer a live slum to a stillborn paradise. And to make paradise live requires more than garden amenities. There must be an economic reason for the new city: its location should be part of regional and national planning. This, Howard had not sufficiently emphasized, although Patrick Geddes and later Lewis Mumford certainly did. We may add that England's "New Towns" are deplorably featureless; they seem to have been created in the image of Earl Attlee. They may be functional but they are not attractive; and in a city as well as in a spouse, attractiveness is the very essence of functionality.

Rodwin's study brings out the best there is in the English mind: "always in touch with the practicable, always in sight of the ideal." He brings out also, although he is too courteous to put it in crude terms, the English capacity for muddling through somehow, and at times just muddling. He believes—and I heartily concur—that Howard's recipe is not a panacea: "Why impose an urban straightjacket? Why not have big, medium and small cities, dormitories and self-contained cities; unitary, satellite, linear, star, finger and ring shaped cities?"

The lesson of the book is modestly tucked away in Appendix A, "The Achilles Heel of British Town Planning." Planning should not be dominated by architects, engineers and surveyors. It is a *social* field. It requires the collaboration of the sociologist, the economist, the political scientist, on the national scale. It demands the services of the artist, and, even in a totally new settlement, those of the historian. City planning is a complex and exacting cultural discipline, in every sense of the word cultural. It is the richest, most baffling, most fascinating discipline I know. And Rodwin's book, in the form of an austere factual report, is an admirable introduction to its spirit and method.

ALBERT GUERARD is the author of L'Avenir de Paris, *and many studies in city planning.*

Epigraphical Note

They arranged what was left and put it away.
Lysidice was young enough to lie alone.
Her house and the bones of her house were there to stay.
We read, from the incised stone:

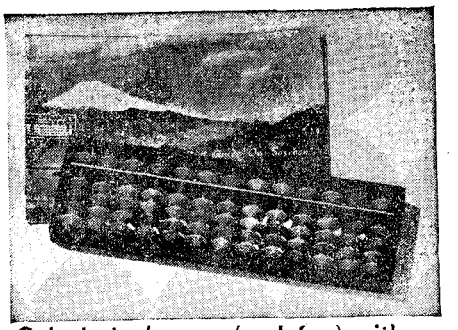
I tell those who come here: there shall be a curse
on him who shall handle, dirty, or defile
me and my image, or dislocate, or force,
or shatter, obliterate, remove anything. May God not smile

on him, but smite him with terror of the eyes, distress
his wits and body with fever chills itch blight;
may he not tread ground nor sail water; die childless;
go cold in the sun and blind in daylight.

And so forth. Lysidice died and meant to stay dead.
She had stood in the sun. She had loved poetry
and truth, as surely as she was sweet and young, she said.
She did not want to die. Now let her be.

They excavated, intensely loving, collected
the fragments, read her, and sorted her in a sieve.
Now she is scientifically resurrected,
and these bones live.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE



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Television

Anne W. Langman

QUIZ SHOWS—giveaway shows—why are they so successful? A question, an answer, a prize: you can see the formula at work a dozen times a week. Of course you add a cheery master of ceremonies with a warm handshake, a glamorous personality in an evening dress, question cards, time signals (anything from a ticking clock to a symphony orchestra), a studio audience keyed to laugh and applaud on signal, pretty girls to lead contestants onto the stage. And prizes—lots and lots of prizes. The gimmicks and the packaging change from one grab bag to the next, but the formula is always the same—and sure fire.

The newest quiz show is *The* $64,000 *Challenge,* whose premiere I watched from the studio. The gimmick here is a "spell down" in which bold challengers square off against graduates of the parent $64,000 *Question* and try to beat them at their specialties. "A beautiful little format," said the announcer during the warm-up period. In the dressing rooms, being readied for the fray, were the now-famous champions of specialized information and their unknown opponents. The eleven-piece orchestra rehearsed three bars over and over; radiant Barbara Britton's gentle persuasion made "Lanolite lipstick on your lips" sound like a line from Keats; mid-stage, the exceedingly likeable master of ceremonies, Bill Fox, grinned at a couple of extras standing in for the contestants: "And now, Myrt, for *four thousand* dollars. . . . That's *right!*" On a quiz show it is very important for the m. c. to warm up. Four cameras and a crew of fifty, producers, directors crowded the small stage of the converted neighborhood theatre. The studio audience—no faces anywhere else are so sadly anonymous—watched a glittering red curtain go down over the twin isolation booths; the beautiful little format was on the air.

Well, by now we know that Polonius is not the father of Desdemona, and that the challenger's reward—the quizmaster having withdrawn his over-hasty confirmation of the champion's error—was settled at $2,000. We know, too, that this latest addition to the big money quiz parade is dull watching. But if you don't look at such shows, the phenomenon remains a mystery, *and* you risk being scorned by Jack Gould of the New York *Times* as one of those "boring snobs who have tried to concoct an intellectual superiority out of a noisy refusal to watch television."

There are many variations: the rowdy, romping parlor games of *Beat the Clock,* the kindergarten questions (name three things beginning with B you could see in the sky) of *Feather Your Nest,* the embarrassing personal revelations of *Strike It Rich,* the unexpected expert of *The Big Surprise.* Louis G. Cowan, who created *The* $64,000 *Question,* attributes the phenomenon of its fifty-five to sixty million viewers weekly to a combination of "the achievement of reality," the charm of the people who are the contestants, and the audacity of those three zeros.

Contestants who are just plain folks, prototypes of the American viewer, make possible our fantasy of equality, says Dr. Gerhart Wiebe, psychologist and assistant to the president of CBS. "We're all pretty much alike and we're all smart . . ." might be the unconscious "empathy force." He also pointed out the vicarious competition which the audience can enjoy in this "encapsulated" form: small penalty for armchair losers, large ego-reward for winners. Suspense and tension, painlessly created, are quickly resolved. If the contestant goes down, viewer feels superior and comfortably sympathetic; if he exhibits extraordinary brilliance, the viewer can, again comfortably, identify with him. It would seem that quiz shows fulfill in some part the yearning of Americans to emerge as somebodies—even by electronic proxy. If this is why they succeed, it might give psychologists something to think about.

OVER at NBC, they're making Responsibility Reports. Chairman of the Board Sylvester Weaver says that these are ". . . a practical means for television to achieve its full poten-

— TV Forecast —

April 29 through May 5

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 29

SHAKESPEARE ON TV (CBS). This intelligible and intelligent series of lectures by Frank C. Baxter starts its re-run this week. Included in series are "Richard III," "Macbeth," "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Monday, April 30

DODSWORTH (NBC; Producers' Showcase). Sidney Howard's play from the Sinclair Lewis novel now adapted for TV. Frederic March, Claire Trevor and Geraldine Fitzgerald will be directed by Alex Segal.

Tuesday, May 1

THE VIKING ROCKET STORY (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). This series specializes in dramatizations based on fact. The conquest of outer space is the subject for this chapter.

THE BOB HOPE SHOW (NBC; Chevvy Show). The guests will include Pearl Bailey and film Songstress Kathryn Grayson, plus a great deal of Hope.

Thursday, May 3

EMPTY ROOM BLUES (CBS; Climax). Celeste Holm in a dramatic role with singing.

Saturday, May 5

THIS HAPPY BREED (CBS; Ford Star Jubilee). The long-fanfared American premiere of the drama written and directed by Noel Coward and starring him as the father of a middle-class suburban family. Mr. Coward says the play is "mostly a salute to human beings for how they manage to get along with each other." Edna Best plays the wife in this 90-minute adaptation of the London hit. (Color).

KENTUCKY DERBY (CBS). Chance to see a horse win $125,000 without answering any questions.

April 30 through May 11

HOME SHOW (NBC) will devote a portion of its program to an intensive study of housing conditions.

Radio; May 1

H-BOMB TEST AT ENIWETOK (All Networks). Transmitter aboard the U. S. S. Mount McKinley will beam reports to Guam and thence to the United States. This is first time since 1946 A-Bomb tests that reporters have been allowed to cover Eniwetok.

POLITICS AND PRIMARIES (NBC). State primaries and the issues affecting them are presented each week. This time, Ohio and Indiana.

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tial as the most vital force for cultural good since speech itself." Each producer and director has been instructed to enlighten, illuminate and inform the public by "conscious integration of informational and cultural matter in existing shows." *And* he has to report what he has done, each month, to Mr. Weaver. "If you have done nothing, you should report that, too," read the instructions. "We have some suggestions. . . ."

The monthly responsibility report, running to some forty-five single-spaced pages, implies that nobody around NBC has taken advantage of that sinister afterthought. The fellows seem able to transform almost anything into enlightenment. Remember the Tournament of Roses Parade—that annual flower pageant? It's listed as a single enlightenment program. Or the ice-skating ballet, "Boy Meets Girl," in the Sunday spectacular? That shows up as integrated enlightenment material. Mr. Weaver will readily agree that ballet is a force for cultural good.

The producer of NBC Matinee Theatre should get a very good report card. He integrated in six shows in one month. *Yesterday is Gone* was all about an early renounced love affair of Thomas Jefferson. Historical *and* edifying. Then there was *Mr. Krane,* a science-fiction drama with urgent appeal for world peace and an obvious integrator. I don't quite see how Edith Wharton's *Old Maid* made it—maybe because it was adapted from a Pulitzer Prize play and that sounds responsible.

I'm not sure we should give too much responsibility credit to *Tonight,* which would claim it for a water ballet, performed in the Saxony Hotel outdoor pool by members of the Florida State Water Ballet—though what achieves full TV potential on ice should be at least as improving in the water. Everybody knows it's responsible to promote the March of Dimes, but the "Doody Dime Day" campaign on the Howdy Doody series carries responsibility about as far as it will go.

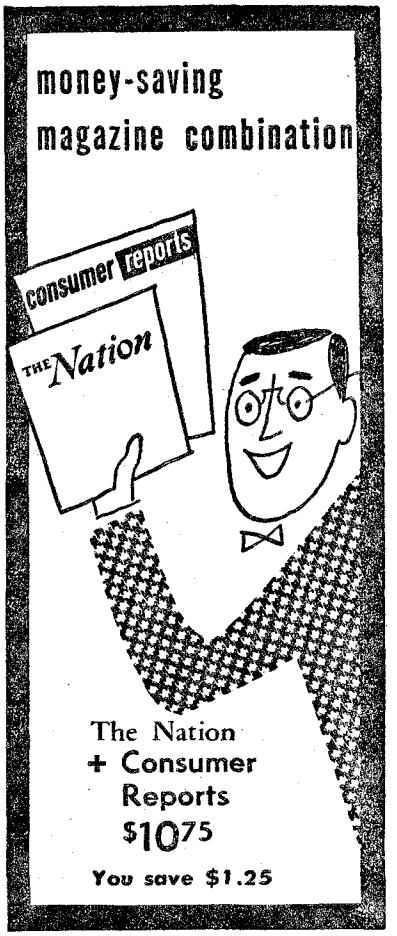
The Pinky Lee Show reports a "Teacher of the Year Contest" as its integrated enlightenment material. I missed the show, but I hope they gave the award to Teacher Weaver. In case they didn't, he can be content with his recent Peabody radio-television public-service award which honored him "for broadening the horizons of television; . . . and for showing a respect for the intelligence of the public refreshing and commendable among officials in comparable high places in the television hierarchy."

And speaking of enlightenment, when is somebody in television going to tackle desegregation?

Music

B. H. Haggin

JEROME ROBBINS' contribution to the New York City Ballet's recent season was *The Concert,* described in the program as a charade, and actually a series of vaudeville and revue sketches representing the reveries induced in a group of people as they listen to Nicolas Kopeikine playing a number of piano pieces by Chopin. Robbins gave us one such sketch in the "Percussion" episode of *Fanfare;* and in *The Concert* his comic gift operates with equally amusing effect. In some instances the effect is achieved with dancing; in a few it is not. On the one hand we get LeClercq's high-stepping entrance on points as a romantic young lady who then sits gazing soulfully at Kopeikine, or her frenzied pas de deux with terrified little Richard Thomas, or her joining Bolender and four boys in a burlesque mazurka, or a group of girls wrecking a Balanchine-style ensemble piece with their mistakes; on the other hand we get these girls being carried in and carted about and set down—now here, now there—like inanimate props, or LeClerq trying on ridiculous hats and choosing one joyfully, only to be crushed by a meeting with someone else wearing the same hat, or Mounsey making one attempt after another to do away with her husband and managing each time to do away with herself instead. In addition there is a serious interlude—a lyrical solo beautifully devised for LeClercq's lovely style. In the other



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sketches she and Bolender exhibit their superb gifts for comedy, with assists from Mounsey, Barnett and the rest of the accomplished cast.

As a choreographer Bolender, besides making last fall's *Souvenirs* even funnier, turned serious in *The Still Point,* in which Hayden repelled sex as personified by Tobias and Mandia, to the first movement of Debussy's String Quartet, took to it sluttishly, to the second movement, and was redeemed by pure love in the person of d'Amboise, to the third movement. All very embarrassing to watch, except for a few effective details—like Hayden's wild spin with frantic flings of her arms at the climax of the second movement. By now Hayden has become a specialist in the dancing of Profane Love, and she did it as well in this new piece as in Ashton's *Illuminations;* but d'Amboise's appearance is suited to innocence only when it is gay, not when it is solemn.

I might add that not enough thought seems to be given to what roles certain dancers are and are not suited for—to the fact that d'Amboise's face makes him convincing as the Sugar Plum Fairy's Cavalier in *The Nutcracker* but not as the Prince in *Swan Lake.* Or that Adams can replace Tallchief in *Scotch Symphony* but cannot replace Mounsey in *The Prodigal Son.*

IT WAS disquieting to read that the New York City Opera's *Il Trovatore* would use a permanent basic set by Lester Polakov, with changes of scene achieved by backdrops in the style of Gothic stained glass, "with the singers so lighted as to suggest that they are actually figures in a stained glass panorama," and with the backdrops "viewed through . . . permanent interlocking arches, while a permanent hexagonal-shaped platform, with varying step arrangements, will enable the action in the foreground to proceed on diverse levels." And my advance uneasiness was justified by the results of this preoccupation with fancy ideas instead of with such realities as what Ellen Faull (Leonora), Aldo Protti (Count di Luna) and Piero Miranda Ferraro (Manrico) look and act like, and what must be done with make-up, wigs, costume and direction to make them dramatically effective or even plausible on the City Center stage. Those results—the actual stained-glass backdrops, the anything-but-stained-glass appearance of the singers, the constant climbing over the hexagonal-shaped platform—made the production, like numerous others at the City Center, one strictly for the ear, which heard an excellent pacing and shaping of the work by Julius Rudel, singing by Faull that was outstanding in vocal beauty and style, an impressive vocal performance by Irene Kramarich (Azucena), an unimpressive one by Protti, good use of a fresh voice by Ferraro, and a good performance by Norman Treigle (Ferrando).

THE FIVE sides of Angel 3537 offer a *Rigoletto* that is made outstanding by Tito Gobbi's performance in the title role, in which the voice is less opulent than Warren's in the Victor performance but is used with more variety of dynamics and color in more sensitive inflection of phrase. Nicola Zaccaria's Sparafucile exhibits similar use of a beautiful bass voice; and I can't recall having heard the wonderful duet of Rigoletto and Sparafucile at the beginning of the second scene sung as effectively as it is in this recording. Di Stefano is the Duke, and sings well in the usual mannered style. And the Gilda is Callas, whose singing occasionally is made unpleasant by the shrillness and strong quaver of the upper range of her voice, but often is made exciting by the extraordinary timbre and expressive force of the middle and lower range that is still beautiful, and also by her unfailing sense for continuity of musical phrase, her power of expressive projection. The smaller parts are sung well; and Serafin conducts effectively.

Some of the engaging music from *The Bartered Bride* on Epic LC-3181 is sung well by Edelmann; but most of it is not enjoyable as sung by Hilde Zadek and Hans Hopf. Loibner conducts the Vienna Symphony.

London has assembled on one 12-inch record, LL-1334, a number of Corena's superb performances on 10-inch records—of Cimarosa's amusing *Il Maestro di Capella* and arias from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and *L'Elisir d'Amore,* Rossini's *Barber* and *La Gazza Ladra* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi.*

Also, London LL-1255 offers Tebaldi's lovely voice in excerpts from the recordings of *Aida, La Traviata, Otello* and operas of Puccini.

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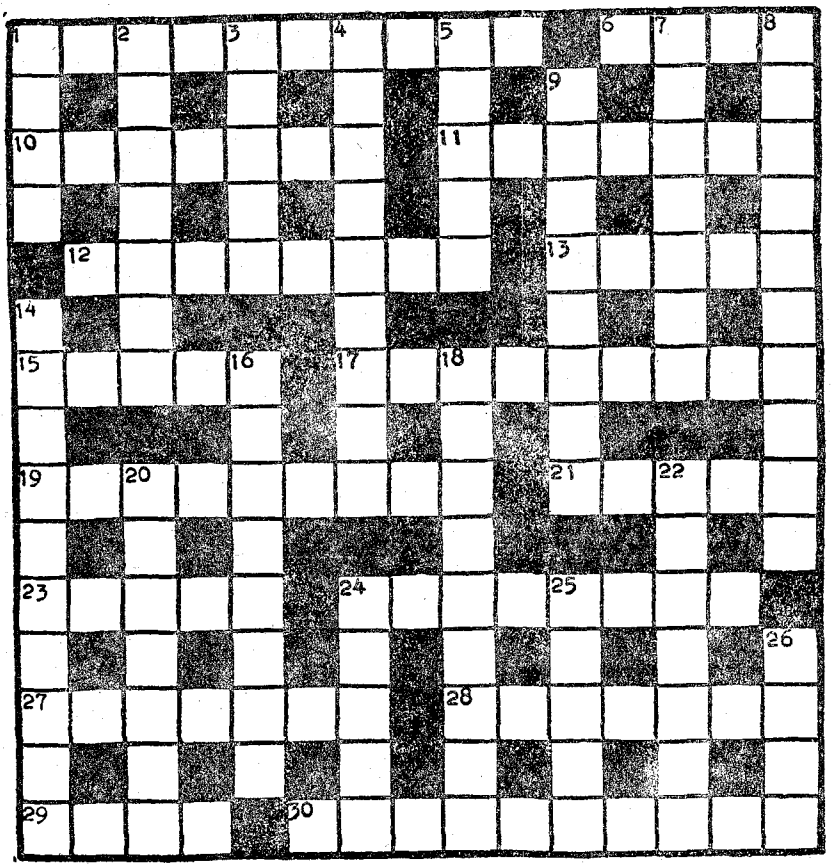
Crossword Puzzle No. 669

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 When the planter's out, he might have. (4,2,4)
6 How to fix a body up; sin would make it real. (4)
10 Allow this wrong to be Baltic, in a manner of speaking. (7)
11 This goes in to W. P. A. thinking. (7)
12,26 down and 8 down Moussorgsky's finished with the Great Gate at Kiev. (8,2,2,10)
13 Such prints might 19. (5)
15 Spurs. (5)
17 One who joins in when Felix is about to get something to eat. (9)
19 One isn't supposed to out of school. (9)
21 Ten to one this might be it! (5)
23 Slippery little fellow, isn't one? (5)
24 These might show me others when I follow them. (8)
27 One way to get on in the world. (7)
28 How can irritation with such a small creature be fashionable? (7)
29 Herculean job. (4)
30 It might involve 7 to right a wrong. (10)

DOWN

1 Would such a little water be necessary for a fish? (4)
2 and 14 down Zero, except at the top! (7,3,3,4)
3 Torque. (5)
4 It barely makes the slip reach its shape! (9)
5 A presidential candidate has its first to be in Colorado. (5)
7 It takes time to be certain to make a good 30. (7)
8 See 12 across
9 Such a rascal wouldn't measure the rate of a couple! (3-5)
14 See 2 down
16 Rested above a Sumerian city a short time. (It's a good time for it!) (8)
18 One might hurry to dine on what spinach is, when chopped. (9)
20 The way to make an old family live poorly with such a set-up? (7)
22 Paint my noisemakers for me! (7)
24 No tag-dance, certainly. (5)
25 Survival. (5)
26 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 668

ACROSS: 1 BARBS; 4 SAMSON; 11 DELILAH; 12 ADDUCES; 13 PARTAKING; 14 PROBE; 15 INDUSTRIALIST; 17 REARRANGEMENT; 22 TREAD; 24 TITIAN RED; 25 PRELUDE; 26 CATLIKE; 27 ESTHER; 28 ADAGE. DOWN: 2 AILERON; 3 BELEAGUER; 5 ADD UP; 6 SUCCORS; 7 NESTED; 8 ADEPT; 9 CHRISTMAS TREE; 10 LAUGHING STOCK; 16 LAMBASTED; 18 EVEREST; 19 NURSING; 20 STAPLE; 21 IDLES; 23 DRUPE.

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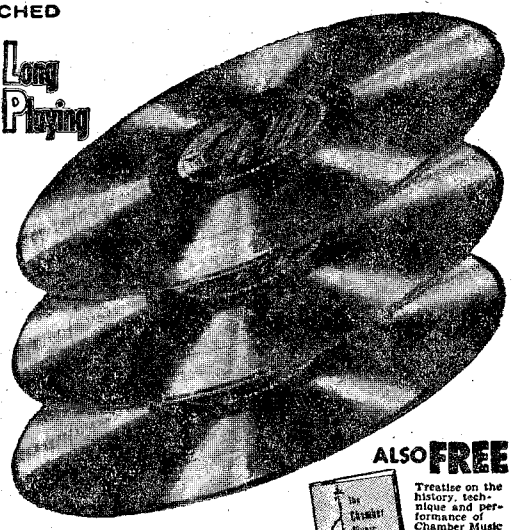

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★ **DVORAK:** Piano Quartet in E Flat, Op. 87; A. Balsam, piano; P. Rybar, violin; O. Komer, viola; A. Tusa, cello • Trio in F, Op. 65; L. Kaufman, violin; A. Balsam, piano; M. Cervera, cello

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